

Motel Room Confessions by **TheAddict4Dramatics**

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Summary: 'When he finally dropped a hand and chanced a look in her direction he could have sworn that her cheeks were glowing red in a silent blush. He'd embarrassed her which was even worse than outraging her and made him feel about ten times as guilty. Damn him and his treacherous body. Damn this absurd infatuation for her that he just couldn't seem to shake.' - Jopper motel room fluff.

Motel Room Confessions

Disclaimer: Nothing belongs to me except the mistakes as this is un-beta'd.

Author's note: This is deliberately vague about exactly what has happened directly before because I'm lazy and that's not what this fic is about. But I'm thinking it is something horrible involving monsters and the Upside Down and all that jazz!

Motel Room Confessions

Hopper surveyed the room as the door swung shut behind him. He winced slightly as he noted the one not very large bed. He'd been so relieved when the grumpy woman at reception had told them she had a room he hadn't bothered to enquire what kind of room. The woman had clearly made an assumption that wasn't preposterous considering he and Joyce were alone and checking into a sleazy roadside motel at close to two in the morning. Though the receptionist also hadn't raised an eyebrow at the nasty, swollen bump on the side of Joyce's head either and her presumed assumptions about how Joyce may have got it were making him feel uncomfortable.

Joyce wondered in slowly behind him, still moving like she was in a dream. She'd worried him tonight, really worried him and her behaviour was still making him nervous. But then he supposed she was just in shock – she had almost died a mere few hours ago after all.

"Take the bed, I'll crash on the sofa." He told her as he shed his jacket and threw it on a nearby chair.

She turned to the bed and looked at it for a moment and then looked back at the sofa. She clearly hadn't clocked the sleeping arrangements when she had entered the room like he had. Her eyes lingered on the sofa before her mouth curled up into a little smile. Smiling was good he told himself though he had no idea what she was finding amusing.

"No it's okay... you can't take the sofa it's tiny and you're... not." She finished at last as she turned to look at him, amusement still shining

softly in her eyes. He couldn't help but smirk back.

"Nicely put." He commented. "But there's no way you're taking the sofa after what's happened today so take the bed and I'll use the floor or something."

She gave him a look as if he was being deliberately difficult and not just looking out for her like he was trying too. And when he stood his ground and held her gaze she rolled her eyes, sighing slightly and turning back to face the bed. She considered it for a moment.

"It's not the world's smallest bed... we could share?" She offered nonchalantly.

His stomach jumped at the proposal. One thing he knew for sure was that it would be a terrible idea to share a bed with her. Especially today after everything that had happened and how utterly relieved he was that she was okay – he knew he wouldn't be able to control himself. He barely managed that at the best of times and jumping a shocked and probably concussed woman he professed to be the friend of because he couldn't help himself would make him an undeniably terrible person.

He shook his head, about to verbally decline her offer when she interrupted him before he could:

"And I would kind of appreciate having someone close to me, I think. I think it might make me sleep better, make me feel safer. It's stupid I know."

"No, it's not stupid at all." He replied instantly. And it wasn't. He totally understood why she would feel that way. He was feeling that way himself and it hadn't even happened to him. He sighed heavily, scratching the back of his head absent-mindedly as he came to a decision, one he would surely regret: "Okay. Sharing it is then. If you're sure?"

She nodded and gave him a genuine smile which, despite the sense of dread growing in his gut, he relished and smiled back.

They got ready for bed quickly. Neither of them had packed for an

overnight stay so they couldn't change into pyjamas or even brush their teeth but they took it in turns to use the bathroom and removed their shoes and jackets leaving both of them in vests and jeans. They climbed into bed, Hopper resting on the edge his side, trying to put as much space as possible between him and Joyce. They said a brief goodnight and he promised her they'd get going as soon as possible in the morning so she could get home to her boys and then he turned out the light.

Joyce rolled away from him so her back was facing him. He spend a few minutes just watching her; the slow rise and fall of her shoulders, her dimly lit shape curving in and out under the duvet. Just as he was mentally chastising himself for being such a creep and telling himself to close his eyes and go the hell to sleep, Joyce suddenly exclaimed:

"It's freakin' freezing in here!" He noticed then that her side of the duvet was quivering slightly as she shivered underneath it.

"Well clearly the twelve dollars we paid for this room didn't include the charge for it to be heated." He joked and he heard her laugh slightly. She pulled the shin sheet closer to her, tucking it under her chin but he doubted it would do much. There was a definite chill in the room and Joyce was tiny and consequently cold anyway.

"Could you... could you maybe hold me... just for a minute, to warm me up?" She asked him sounding incredibly uncertain.

That was the second terrible suggestion she had made that night and much like the first it would surely only end in disaster. But nevertheless, no more than ten seconds later, he found himself wrapping his arms around her from behind and pulling her into his chest. He closed his eyes and tried to keep his breathing even as her small body seemed to fit perfectly cocooned in his bigger one. He didn't even care that she smelled like that disgusting place he had only just managed to rescue her from. She could have been covered in garbage and it would not have bothered him in the least.

"Oh my god Hop!" Joyce suddenly cried. Though it sounded more like a moan and that certainly didn't help him trying to keep his thoughts out of dangerous territory. "You are sooo warm." She continued,

almost mewling.

He stayed silent behind her, not trusting his voice not to totally give him away. She snuggled herself closer to him, greedily seeking out more of his natural body heat and pressing herself more insistently against him. Her bottom rubbed against his lower stomach in a move he was sure was completely innocent on her part; she probably hadn't even realised but he was painfully aware of every part of her body at that moment. His real undoing came when she took one of his hands and splayed it on her stomach, pressing it against her in order to warm herself on the heat from his palm. His thumb accidentally brushed over her breast, covered by her thin t-shirt, and he froze when he realised she wasn't wearing a bra. His thumb stayed there, frozen, as he felt her nipple stiffen slightly under it. He felt the familiar stirrings in his jeans at once.

Hopper made a strangled sort of noise akin to a moan. He cursed under his breath, though still loud enough for her to hear clearly due to their close proximity, and rolled away, detangling himself from her clumsily. He lay on his back, a respectable and all together safer distance between them once more, and threw his hands over his face in frustration.

"Hop, what's the matter?" Joyce asked him in genuine concern. She didn't turn over but arched her head back over her shoulder to look at him. Even in the dim light of the room he could make out the anxious kink in her brow.

"Nothing..." He muttered from under his own hands. But the silence that followed told him he wasn't going to get away with that as an adequate response. "Nothing... it's just... it's been a while for me and being that close to you... certain natural responses were bound to... occur." He explained awkwardly, still not removing his hands from his face. He could feel her gaze on him nonetheless. This was actual torture he was sure.

"Oh..." She replied slowly as she understood his meaning.

She didn't sound outraged so he supposed that was better than it could have been. In fact when he finally dropped a hand and chanced a look in her direction he could have sworn that her cheeks were

glowing red in a silent blush. He'd embarrassed her which was even worse than outraging her and made him feel about ten times as guilty. Damn him and his treacherous body. Damn this absurd infatuation for her that he just couldn't seem to shake.

"Christ Joyce I'm sorry!"

"No, don't be." She replied instantly. When he looked at her again she seemed to genuinely mean that. She wasn't blushing anymore but was looking at him with something close to amusement playing in her eyes. "I'm actually kind of flattered a little bit." She told him seriously. He made a noise from the back of his throat that suggested he didn't believe that so she continued. "No I am. I don't really feel that anybody thinks of me that way anymore. Well except Bob... but I think he thought of me as seventeen year old Joyce... with all of her life ahead of her, all uncomplicated and unmessy."

Hopper stayed on his back, staring at the ceiling and didn't answer. He didn't know what he could say to that. He thought she was probably right in what she had said about Bob – he had been in love with her since high school but he hadn't known her since then so most probably had still thought of her in that way when they had reconnected. Hopper had always assumed that is what Joyce had liked about Bob; that in his eyes she was uncomplicated and that made her believe that she could be, even if it wasn't strictly true. But it wasn't his place to say any of that so he stayed quiet.

"Anyway I probably don't have any right to feel flattered. As you said you're a single dad now so you don't have any time for *philandering* and being so physically close... I could have been anyone and you'd have had the same reaction."

He was quickly losing a hold of this conversation. He had no idea what she was getting at with that comment or what she wanted him to reply. Was she relieved that she believed it was an entirely coincidental thing or was she, as she so very nearly sounded, disappointed that his reaction wasn't specific to her? Because it was. It very definitely was specific to her and he knew he wouldn't be having the same issue if anyone else was lying next to him. But is that what she wanted to hear?

"Umm... that's not exactly what I said." Hopper replied, sounding uncertain. "I said it's been a while and being close to *you* had made me react that way. I mean I wouldn't be having this problem if I was lying next to Karen Wheeler right now."

He didn't really know what he had just admitted too but there was no denying it was an admission of some kind. He just hoped he'd made the right decision. He also had no idea why he'd chosen Karen as an example. She was the first woman that had popped into his head; probably because he spent an unhealthy amount of time brooding over her son Mike and exactly what his intentions were where Jane was concerned. But he prayed Joyce didn't read too much into it.

"Karen? Yes you would, you liar! Karen's hot." She told him jovially. She was completely ignoring what he had just said about her and the moment he felt they were having.

"Okay well be that as it may, that wasn't exactly the point I was making." He seemed determined to continue on down this road, no matter how much his gut was telling him he would regret it. He should have just taken the goddamn sofa and been done with it.

"So what point were you trying to make exactly then?"

Shit. She had him there. He didn't know himself what point he was trying to make but he was pretty sure that whatever it was he wasn't ready to admit it to her as openly as she had just asked him to do. He placed his hands over his eyes once again and let out another heavy sigh. Everything seemed much simpler when he wasn't looking at her, when he wasn't falling apart under the steadfast, determined set of her delicate features.

He suddenly became aware of movement next to him and turned his head to see her rolling over to face him.

"You know what I'm still freezing and I think my modesty can just about handle the feel of your clothed hard-on so suck it up." He chuckled slightly at her choice of words but he'd also come to learn the tone of voice she was currently employing and knew he didn't stand a chance in hell of dissuading her from doing what she wanted to.

She snuggled into his side once again, burying her head under his chin, throwing her arm around his middle and most dangerously pushing her bent leg between his thighs. He had to grit his teeth as her knee brushed against him whilst she wriggled to get comfortable. When at last she finally stilled he put his arms around her in a loose embrace. Frankly he was struggling just to breathe right and he was quickly approaching the conclusion that whatever this thing was he felt for her it was getting rather pathetic.

"Hmm... impressive." She teased, giggly slightly into his neck. *God* he had no idea what she was playing at but he was pretty sure she was actually trying to kill him. And it was working.

They fell into a silence that was somehow entirely comfortable. Her breathing began to slow and he thought perhaps she was going to fall asleep and then he could let his body calm down on its own and he could get some rest, worrying about any morning surprises that may occur as and when they happened. But just as he was safely lulled in to a false sense of security her hand began to move over his chest. Her petite fingers grazed over the top of the t-shirt he was wearing, exploring aimlessly over his upper body as they drew idle patterns on the material. Occasionally they would slide to the skin above the t-shirt, just below his neck, feeling like molten silk against him. His body was on high-alert again as his groin tightened even further.

"Joy... that's really not helping..." He ground out in a laboured breath.

She didn't reply. But she knew exactly what she was doing of course. He was entirely under her spell and she felt drunk with the power of it. She withdrew her hand slowly, bringing it down to rest on his stomach as she repositioned herself so she was half on the mattress and half on him. She was now touching him from top to toe, her entire being overwhelming all of his senses. She replaced her hand with her lips leaving a trail of soft kisses on his chest and neck; they were closed mouthed and almost chaste but they felt anything but. She placed one on the underside of his jaw and moved up to cover his lips.

He stopped her suddenly with an insistent hand on her shoulder.

"This isn't a game to me." He told her, noting how breathless he sounded and praying he could have some kind of resolve. He wasn't naïve enough to believe that if all she wanted was to use him for comfort and release that he would deny her but he needed to know that's all it was before they started.

"It isn't a game to me either." She replied, her voice low and serious. He gave her an expression that was pained, *conflicted*. It certainly appeared to be a game to her. "It isn't." She insisted and for the first time he noticed that behind the playful amusement in her eyes there was something else, something that went deeper. "I almost died today and all I could think about were my boys... and Jane... and you. That's got to mean something, hasn't it?"

He didn't know what it meant. He didn't know what it meant that she suddenly looked utterly vulnerable, that there were unshed tears in her eyes that he wanted nothing more than to make disappear. He wanted to reach out to her, pull her into him and wrap his arms around her so tight that nothing could ever get to her again, nothing could ever hurt her again because he wouldn't let it. And suddenly it didn't matter at all what this thing was between them – it didn't matter if it was about comfort or loneliness or grief. All he knew was he would regret it if he didn't go with it.

And so he leaned forward just enough to be able to capture her lips in a kiss as soft as hers had been moments before. She leaned into him further, deepening the kiss and throwing her arms around his neck to anchor herself to him. She kissed him until he was breathless and dizzy and unable to think of anything that wasn't her. And then she pulled back slightly, enough to reach down and pull off her own vest top.

"I thought the idea was to get warmer?" He asked her in a blissful mirth.

"Haven't you heard... skin to skin is better for that they say." She replied as she removed his t-shirt too and pressed her exposed chest against his. He moaned unabashedly at the contact, gripping her hips to keep them locked against his own.

"Well then we'd better listen to *them*, hadn't we?"

Hop revelled in her squeal of surprise as he thrust her onto his lap fully without warning. She reached out to steady herself on his arms before drawing back to her full height, enjoying being the one to tower over him for once. She smiled down at him with all of the life that she had been so close to losing that very afternoon. And he was happy. For the first time in a long, long, long time he was truly happy.

"I don't think I actually ever said thank you to you for this afternoon... for coming after me, saving me." She told him. She may have sounded serious but her expression was still full of playfulness.

"I thought that's what this was." He teased right back as he reached up and stroked his fingers down her arm. She shivered under his touch and shook her head mischievously, biting on her lower lip for good measure and smiling all the more when she saw him staring at her without restraint.

"Uh-uh. This is a concussion, clearly."

It couldn't have been more obvious that she was joking. Joking and teasing him and generally driving him crazy and he was loving every minute of it. He laughed openly at her comment; leaning up to catch her lips briefly in his own. The peck was less gentle and more playful – a sign of what he hoped was about to come.

"In that case we better get to it before the concussion wears off!"

He didn't wait to hear her reply before he flipped them over suddenly, pressing her into the mattress. She made another little noise of surprise at the move but sighed appreciatively as his body weight came down to rest over her. There was something intoxicating about having his whole, considerable size on top of her; it was an oxymoron – safe but dangerous all at once. Safe in that he made her feel utterly protected, like nothing bad could get her when she was in his arms. And dangerous because he was so much bigger than her, so much stronger, that he could do whatever he wanted with her. And yet she trusted him so completely.

He took a moment to look at her properly in the half-light of the room. A moment she clearly felt was entirely unnecessary if the way

she reached up and kissed him was anything to go by. And finally he let himself give in to it. All of the reasons they shouldn't do this were but a distant memory to him now. Their present situation may have been less than ideal, their pasts were nothing short of catastrophic and their future was utterly uncertain and yet this was right. Hopper was as sure of that as he had been of anything in his life – that somehow, despite it all – this was right.